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Thoughts and Experience In Verse

By

Agnes S. Hamilton

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AGNES STEUART HAMILTON.

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By
Agnes S. Hamilton

Wilmington, Del.
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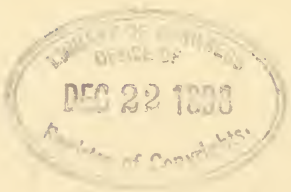

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INTRODUCTION.

THINKING that a little sketch of some of the principal events of my life might be of interest to my children, and perhaps to others also, I write the following notes:

I was born in Killenchy, County Down, Ireland, February 19, 1838, and came to America in 1855, where I was married in 1857, on the second day of May, to John Hamilton, from the same place in Ireland. Mr. Hamilton came to America four years before I did.

We had five children, three boys and two girls, the eldest, John Steuart Hamilton, born in Benwood, West Virginia, March 6, 1858; Catherine Douglass Hamilton, May 25, 1860; Thomas and Samuel Hamil-

ton, October 11, 1862, and Mary A. Hamilton, March 13, 1865. I was always inclined to be religious, and had a Christian mother, who taught her children to pray and trust in God. She often said that those whom God took care of none could harm. How true I have found this to be!

I was first brought under conviction by a dream. I dreamed I saw the Saviour on the cross. I was then about twenty-three years old. I was most wretched; I sighed and wept and did not know what ailed me. We had a great deal of sickness and trouble, and I was proud. There was no person to whom I would go, so I went to God and told Him all my trouble just as to a friend, and I felt relieved.

This is, as I think, casting our burden on the Lord. I was still heavy hearted, but I would go to my room and close my door and pray to God when I did not know what I was praying for, as we did not go to church, and I had never come in contact with any

religious people in my new home. My despondency was no help for me, except to move me to prayer.

I prayed and wept when I could not utter a single word, and kept my grief all to myself. I would not have even my husband to know; but one day when I was praying I felt a presence, and looking behind me I felt as if some one stood over me, and I felt very happy. So I came out and dried my tears.

When my little boy died I was distressed, and an old woman said to me that I must have greatly offended God when He put such an affliction on me. But I thought that if God afflicted me it was for my good, and I was comforted. I kept on praying, and at length my husband and I went into business and everything we did prospered.

We commenced going to church, and I enjoyed the service very much. I took great delight in reading the Bible and hymn-book.

Sometimes I would do things that were not right, and my conduct would grieve me very much. Then I

would go to my room and close my door and pray for forgiveness. Then I would come out and resolve to do better. I kept on praying and was very happy. I could look up now and feel that God was pleased with me; yet the remaining sin troubled me so much that I got into the habit of praying continually, and I was very happy.

I told my husband one day that I thought I had religion just as much as anybody. Such a peace as filled my soul I had never felt before. I kept on praying, and one Sunday evening, when we had not been to church on account of sickness in the home, I was sitting in my chair reading the hymn-book, when my eyes fell on the hymn called "Peace in Believing." It is familiar to many. Here it is:

"How happy are they who the Saviour obey
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love

"It was heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore

"Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

"Then all the day long was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in His name;
Oh, that all may believe, and salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same."

There and then I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I knew that my sins were forgiven as well as if I had stood face to face with my Saviour. I rose to my feet and told it. I was so happy that I could not eat nor sleep. My friends thought my mind was wrong. That was twenty-four years ago. I felt that

there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.

After twenty-four years God has again blessed me. This time it is a gift, as, indeed, it was then, for God distributes His gifts among His children, and we all get them, whether we acknowledge them or not, for we all have our talent.

If He gives us five, let us gain other five; and if we have only one gift, let us not hide it in the ground, but do our best with it. I am nothing but an old woman who has had very little chance of improving my talent. But it is evident that God is pleased with me, for His gift to me is that I can put my thoughts and experience into poetical measures. I cannot express my gratitude to Him, but He knows it.

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THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCE IN VERSE.

THE POETS.

Oh, with the poets I love to dwell,
I take them up by turns;
Tom Moore is my favorite,
But I'm quite at home with Burns.

And Byron's "Day of Destiny,"
The "Raven," wrote by Poe;
And Mrs. Browning's "Poet's Vow,"
With Hemans in "Juana."

When I read Campbell's "Rainbow,"
It sets my heart aglow
With love and adoration
Alone the poets know.

"My Soul and I," by Whittier,
I love to think it o'er;
And then the thought comes, "Will I die,
And feel these joys no more?"

I live in faith that after death,
When I vacate this room,
I'll enter to a grander sphere
That is beyond the tomb.

OUR REFUGE.

When all this world forsakes us
And disappointment fills our cup,
We have no other refuge,
Then God will take us up,

And with His touch will bless us,
His presence make us whole;
We are now a new creation,
Christ lives within our souls.

I would rather have His company
To keep me by the way,
Than all this world's great grandeur
And glories of to-day.

This world to me seems like a stage,
On which all play their parts;

Each takes his place mechanically
And enters with his heart.

All faith lies in the future,
Hope is our anchor fast;
In trust we are cast upon life's sea
In hope of Heaven at last.

UPON THE OTHER SHORE.

O LORD! I pray Thee come to me,
And guide my every thought;
The blessings Thou hast given me
Shall never be forgot.

Yes, I will praise Thee while I'm here,
And then when I cross o'er;
To Thee all glory shall be given
Upon the other shore.

A SONG THAT'S NEW.

Some day, some day when least I think,
My Muse will come this way
And sing a song I have not heard;
I wish he would come to-day.

For I do so long for a song that's new,
And one that is thoughtful though gay;
I am sure that he'll bring the very thing,
And I wish he'd come to-day.

For the song when gone has lost its charm,
E'en though we would have it stay;
But there's no art could so gladden my heart,—
I wish he would come to-day.

It makes me forget my care and regret,
And the sorrows that come day by day;

Oh! give me a song, a song that's new,—
I wish he would come to-day.

AT DAWN.

At dawn this morn, bright in the east,
I viewed the glorious sun arise;
I thought of Him who knows what's best,
The great, the good, and wise.

No matter where I turn or look,
Where'er I cast mine eyes,
God is the author of all good
There is beneath the skies.

And I adore His Holy Name,
My dearest friend on high;
There is a spirit in my breast
Does "Abba, Father," cry.

Now at each heart this spirit knocks;
If we will take Him in
With us He'll stay all of the way,
And save us from our sins.

THE VOICE OF OUR NATION.

I HAVE just been trying to think,
And fix it in my mind,
For whom to cast my vote this fall,—
McKinley or Bryan?

They told us that if Cleveland won
Things would be to our mind,
And now again the cry goes up,—
McKinley or Bryan?

For we have found the tariff scheme
Has failed to bring good times;

I wish I knew for whom to vote,—
McKinley or Bryan?

But I'm inclined to do what's right,
And hope a little time
Will make it clearer to decide,—
McKinley or Bryan?

And oh! this horrid, horrid craze
We every four years find;
I wish I knew for whom to vote,—
McKinley or Bryan?

Now as a nation we should pray,
With all our heart and mind,
For God to give us what is best,—
McKinley or Bryan.

But as I try to think what's best,
I wish what's right to find,

There's some one seems to whisper near,—
"Be sure and vote for Bryan."

THE TIME IS COMING.

THERE is a time that's coming,
Although it can't be seen,—
Will our hearts be filled with gladness?—
It is the coming of our King.

If our sins have been forgiven,
And with His blood made clean,
We will hail it with gladness,
The coming of our King.

MY TRUST AND RESTING PLACE.

O LORD! help me to serve Thee
With a pure and holy love;
For every good and perfect gift
Comes to us from above.

And now I put my trust in Thee,
For I am wholly Thine,
And feel the golden thread strong drawn
Between Thy heart and mine.

O God! to Thee I turn my thought,
My heart goes up on high;
My trust and resting place Thou art,
And wast in days gone by.

For Christ has come, for Christ has come,
He died that we might live;

To those whose hearts believe on Him
Eternal life He'll give.

A PICTURE.

Just now, here as I sit and think,
Is a picture sad to me;
Mankind, with all his miseries,
Before my eyes I see.

I see the Saviour of the world,
And great multitudes are there;
He breaks to them the bread of life,
And does all their sorrows share.

Again I look: the scene has changed,
I can scarcely now believe;
Men have invented many ways,
But God they can't deceive.

They are building towers high,
But Babel was the same;
For it was not to honor God,
But to make for man a name.

Now look how they maintain God's house,
With all kinds of shams and shows;
By begging and by bartering,
And by ways and means who knows?

Now men forget that Christ is King,
And their service is in vain;
Their selfishness no blessing brings,
And Heaven they ne'er will gain.

CHRIST COMING.

THE day is fast approaching me
When I must say "Good-by"
To all I love on earth, and go
To mansions in the sky.

For Christ has left us to prepare,
He's coming by and by,
And safely He will us conduct
To glory in the sky.

I'm waiting for His coming now,
I feel the day is nigh
When every eye shall see Him shine,
While coming in the sky.

O friends! I beg you be prepared,
And set your aims on high,

And have your wedding garments on
To meet Him in the sky.

LOVE.

Oh, what is love? oh, where is love?
Oh, who can love define?
It is a flame we can't explain,
Which captivates the mind,—

Enlists the heart; then, conquered, we
Do bow before its shrine,
And worship give whate'er it be
With all the heart and mind.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

THERE is a place where Jesus comes
To every waiting soul,
And He is listening all the time
To hear us on Him call.

O friends! then if you would be saved,
Now call upon His name,
And never, never give it up
Till God shall you reclaim.

Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard,
Nor can man's mind conceive,
The blessings that the Lord's prepared
For them that do believe.

WAITING.

I AM longing and I'm waiting,
I am listening day by day;
If I could only hear a whisper
From my loved one far away.

My friends all try to cheer me,
And oft to me they say,—
"He is better off than you are,
Your loved one far away."

But still I'll wait and listen,
He will surely come some day,
And then I'll be forever
With my loved one far away.

GRATITUDE.

My God, when I retire at night
My thoughts to Thee I raise;
When in the morning I awake
My heart is filled with praise.

For Thou hast kept me all my life,
And ordered all my ways;
What can I render to Thee, Lord?
My heart is filled with praise.

Oft of Thy goodness I will think,
And meditate always;
For all Thy mercies shown to me
My heart is filled with praise.

INVITATION.

COME unto me, come unto me,
All ye with care oppressed;
Come unto me, come unto me,
And I will give you rest.

Take up my yoke and learn of me,
And then you shall find rest;
Put on my yoke and come to me,
And then will you be blest.

And here before Thee now I bow,
And plead with Thee for grace,
That which without none ever shall
See Thy dear, blessed face.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Let us watch and pray
And think upon Him,
Who alone can give power
Our fellows to win.

Come, let us adore Him,
All praise to Him give,
That He may possess us
And others may live.

For we are all helpless,
Our strivings are vain;
Except by the Spirit
We can nothing attain.

YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH is full of happiness
When health and hopes are high,
But age, it bringeth sadness,
For all living have to die.

Will we meet our friends again,
Or is their presence nigh?
If of this we only were assured,
There are some would long to die.

But none have ever yet come back
To tell us how or why,
So death will still retain its sting,
For all living have to die.

THE ABIDING COMFORTER.

I AM happy all day,
Though the rest are away,
And have left me alone with my Friend;
For His presence, so sweet,
Makes my joy, then, complete,
And He will abide to the end.

'Tis the Comforter has come,
That God promised to His own
This blessing to them He would send;
If we in Him confide,
He will with us abide,
And His presence shall be without end.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

Oh, leave me alone! oh, leave me alone!
Oh, leave me alone with my Guest!
The dearest and best friend I ever have known
Abideth within this poor breast.

This world and the fashions are nothing to me,
As I am of little possessed;
Now all that I ask is to leave me alone,
Oh, leave me alone with my Guest.

For here I could stay forever and aye
While leaning my head on His breast,
And listen to what He would say unto me,
Oh, leave me alone with my Guest.

HE LEADETH.

COME, dwell in this bosom,
Sweet Spirit divine;
It's the blessed assurance
I truly am Thine.

In Thy Word it is written
We shall know in that day,
And we would hear His voice,
Saying "I am the Way."

He leadeth, we follow,
His own know His voice;
By pastures so green
Our hearts do rejoice.

And by the still waters,
God's fountain of love;

It's the sweet Spirit
That comes from above.

We have all been invited,
Why longer delay?
The feast is now waiting,—
Dear friend, come to-day.

The Bridegroom is coming,
The Bride is arrayed;
The Spirit is calling,—
Why not come to-day?

And all those whosoever,
And all who believe,
May come to the feast,
They will be received.

TRUST GOD OR MAMMON.

If you come to the Saviour,
You must trust and believe;
Your sins, you must leave them,
God is not deceived.

For God is not mocked,
His laws, they are pure;
And without repentance
Salvation's not sure.

We are told in God's Word
To choose whom we will serve,
And our God has no pleasure
In him who will swerve.

Now if you trust Mammon,
Do tell us outright;

But if you're on God's side,
Serve Him with your might.

DELAWARE'S GREATEST SON.

To our own poet England has spoken
Of Bayard, our neighbor and friend,
Who loved honor far better than dollars,
And the right he did always defend.

We mourn for the loss of our statesman,
And his name we will herald the world o'er;
True manhood will still be admired,
And its works shall live evermore.

For Bayard to-day our State sorrows,
But we will think of the good he has wrought;
To bring peace and good-will to the nation,
His life with this effort has been fraught.

To know him, they say, was to love him,
And Delaware was proud of her son;
For Bayard, the name we revere it,
A name never ending he has won.

A QUESTION.

Now in the Christian Church to-day
There's fashion and there's folly,
Where should be humble, contrite hearts,
And lives both pure and holy.

How is their light, and does it shine
That other men may see it,
And knowledge take they've been with God,
As our dear Lord decreed it?

And do they keep God's last commands,
Oh, do they love each other,

And try to do what good they can
For every man, their brother?

THE GREATEST POWER.

I HAD a dream, it seemed so true,
A voice from out the storm,
Saying, "I'm the greatest power on earth
There is in any form."

Again amid the raging deep,
Where seas ran mountains high,
Methought I heard the waves to speak,
"Behold, how great am I!"

And then the conflagration grand,
With its terrific power,
"I am the greatest of the great,
Look on me now this hour."

At length, when I at last awoke
  And thought about my dream,
Tried to decide which greatest were,
  I could not choose between.

And then I heard a sweet, low voice,
  Seeming wafted from above,—
"It's none of these: look up! look up!
  The greatest power is love."

MY RELATIVE.

THERE is a woman in this town,
And my! but she's afflicted
With talking of her neighbors all,
And to them she's not restricted,

But even of her flesh and blood,—
To tell their faults should shame her;
She is a relative of mine,
And yet I dare not name her.

I hope and trust she will repent,
And that she'll be forgiven,
For if she don't I am afraid
She'll never get to Heaven.

THE GLAD SURPRISE.

CHRIST says whoe'er believes on Him
That they shall never die;
Although they may be dead to earth,
Live they above the sky.

For death, I think, is nothing more
Than closing of our eyes,
And waking to eternal bliss
With Jesus in the skies.

And, oh, what joy us there awaits,
What rapture and surprise,
When we have reached that promised land,
The land beyond the skies.

OH, FOR A HEART.

DEATH to all greed and jealousy,
Debasers of mankind;
Oh, for a heart that's been renewed
And filled with love divine!

A heart that's truly been forgiven
Will always mercy show,
And by our fruits our Saviour said
We should each other know.

If God our Father be indeed,
Then men should brothers be,
And by their daily walk in life
The world may look and see.

THE JOY OF ASSURANCE.

And now, O my Saviour!
I know that I'm Thine,
Because of Thy presence
In this heart of mine.

Though friends may forsake me
And fortune decline,
Thy presence assures me
That still I am Thine.

And now, O my Saviour!
To Thee all I resign,
And trust Thee to keep me,—
I know that I'm Thine.

THE FRIEND OF ALL FRIENDS.

To whom will I go my sorrow to show,
To whom will I go but to Jesus?
For He is my friend, on Him I depend,—
The friend of all friends is Jesus.

I find it is true, earthly friends they are few,
In my sorrow I called upon Jesus;
He pardoned my sins, His peace gave within,—
The friend of all friends is Jesus.

For I now hear Him say, "I am the Way,"
I will cast all my care upon Jesus;
For His promise is sure, to the end will endure,—
The friend of all friends is Jesus.

TRUSTING IN GOD.

WHATEVER God may send,
He'll help me well to bear,
For His spirit beareth witness
That my name's written there.

I put my trust in Thee,
On Thee my soul depends;
By all things I've been deceived,
Thou art my dearest friend.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Columbia now holds a high station,
The land of the brave and the true;
Here come the oppressed of all nations,
Our standard the red, white, and blue.

We would be at peace with our neighbors,
And did not want war to pursue,
But they blew up the Maine and our sailors,
Which won't do for the red, white, and blue.

For our Dewey is a leader that's mighty,
And our Yankee boys know what to do,
And we made Spaniards flee at Manila,
From our standard, the red, white, and blue.

As one man we will stand by our colors,
To God and our country be true;

We'll very soon do up the Spaniards,
With our standard, the red, white, and blue.

Now Hobson to-day is our hero,
No greater we ever have known,
We will crown him with glory and honor,
Our standard the red, white, and blue.

And now the great fleet of Cervera
Had no chance with Sampson, we knew;
They had better shake hands and be brothers,
And come under the red, white, and blue.

I MISS THEE.

I MISS thy voice at dawn of day,
I miss thy steps at noon,
I miss thy kiss and thy caress,
My own, my very own.

I think of thee as first we met,
And oft in midnight dreams;
My own, my own, my only love,
To me how real it seems.

Alas! this life is as a dream,
And we, poor silly things,
As butterflies are flitting by,
But death soon breaks our wings.

And as poor worms from earth we came,
To dust we must again return;
All silent, not a word comes back
From those who have crossed the bourne.

HOW STRANGE.

And as I would like to rest a bit,
How very strange it seems,
To think I'd want to write a poem
And have not got a theme.

And as I turn myself around,
Some object try to find,
An old gray horse goes up the street,
A thing just to my mind.

Now I would like to write him up,
But my! he goes so fast,
Before I scarcely look around
He really has gone past.

TO MY CRITIC.

INDEED, kind friend, you cannot tell,
Alas! how my poor heart did swell
When o'er the page I thought so well
I found inscribed "Doubtful."

But I am sure 'twas for my good,
To be more careful, as I should,
Take good advice I always would,—
To you I am truly thankful.

For naked truth is always best,
And what is right will stand the test;
Now, really, I am not in jest,
But to you I am grateful.

TO MY CHILDREN.

TO NELLIE.

My dearest little Nellie,
Now I would write to you;
With eyes so blue and heart so true,
A sweeter girl I never knew.

TO HAMILTON.

But Hamilton is handsome,
Blue eyes and golden curls;
You cannot find a prettier child,
Not e'en among the girls.

These are God-given treasures,
My jewels and my gems,
And I would not exchange them,—
No, not for diadems.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

Farewell to old Ireland,
Where first I did dwell,
And likewise the county
Which four letters spell.

With its castles and towers,
And hamlets as well;
How I love to remember
Where first I did dwell.

Green isle of the ocean,
None can thee excel,
With the harp and the sunburst,
And shamrock as well.

Love for my native land
All others doth excel,

And sweetest recollections are
Of where first I did dwell.

INSTEAD OF PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Oh, what are things coming to
Now in these latter days?
Instead of truly serving God,
Instead of prayer and praise,

The house of God they do defile
In many, many ways,
Instead of truly serving God,
Instead of prayer and praise.

These suppers and these festivals,
These concerts and the plays,
Instead of truly serving God,
Instead of prayer and praise.

Now if the Saviour was to come
  Now in these latter days,
And see the way we run God's house
  Instead of prayer and praise,

I think that I would hear Him speak,
  Now list to what He says,—
"You've made my house a den of thieves,
  Not one of prayer and praise."

A PRAYER.

Come, Holy Spirit, come, oh, come,
  Come in and stay with me,
Thy presence cheers me while I'm here,—
  I pray Thee, stay with me.

For friends are few whom we find true,
  But Thou art all to me;

Now I implore Thee more and more,—
I pray Thee, stay with me.

Oh, stay with me in sorrow's hour,
When trials come to me,
Then come what may, I will not fear,—
I pray Thee, stay with me.

Do stay with me when death is nigh,
For all my trust's in Thee,
I'll close my eyes and know 'tis well,—
I pray Thee, stay with me.

THE GOOD AND TRUE.

None but the good and true
Are called God's work to do;
None but the pure in heart
His presence will impart.

None but the faithful found
Will there obtain a crown;
None but those who do His will
Shall find the promises fulfilled.

None but those the Lord has called,
Alone those He has justified,
And all the truly sanctified,
Will in that land be glorified.

THIS IS NOT OUR HOME.

Dear friends, have you had sorrow,
Have trials to you come,
And all you set your heart on
Has come to naught again?

For there are crosses many
We every day must meet,
But if we have God's presence
It will make the bitter sweet.

For thought does oft remind us
That this is not our home,
But we are hastening onward
To see Him on His throne.

THE GREATEST WORK.

O GOD! I will Thy goodness praise,
For Thou hast kept me all my days;
Thy promises I have found true,
And often love them to review.

I love sometimes to be alone,
To take account of mercies shown;
And all who try to do Thy will
Will find Thy word Thou wilt fulfil.

The greatest work that we have here
Is to obtain a title clear
To mansions Jesus will prepare,
And strive to be admitted there.

And now this hope should cheer us on
To watch and wait for Christ to come,

For none but spirits born of God
Will glory in the coming Lord.

Now let us gird our armor on,
And daily watch for Him to come;
It will help our lives to purify,
And make us fit to live on high.

HE WILL FORGIVE YOU.

I AM soon going home,
My dear Saviour to see,
I will then realize
What He has done for me.

He has saved me, forgiv'n me,
And cleansed me from sin,
These many long years
Since I first let Him in.

O friends! then come to Him,
His commandments obey,
And He will forgive you,
Your sins wash away.

He will fill you with peace,
You'll have joy in your soul,
And know for yourself
That Christ maketh whole.

OF THINGS AT HAND.

I WOULD like to write of things at hand,
And not what's out of season,
As my old granny often spake
Of rhymes that had no reason.

But I so like to rhyme and rhyme
Of things that would be pleasing,

And something that is just at hand,
And not what's out of season.

And now this is a happy time,
When we are each other pleasing;
I wish it would last all the time,
And not be out of season.

If we would have the Golden Rule,
In all that's right believing,
Oh, what a heaven on earth we'd have
In every time and season!

THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

O THOU almighty, unseen power!
Now help me to express
The glory that I feel this hour,
That others may be blest.

Help me, O Lord! to do Thy will,
And in Thee to confide;
I know no harm can come to me
While in Thee I abide.

O God! most holy, kind, and just,
Thy promise ever sure,
That with Thy people will abide
While ages shall endure.

WAITING ON THE MUSE.

You may talk about your sweethearts
And your lovers as you choose,
As for me, my time is taken,
I am wedded to the Muse.

I am waiting for his coming,
And I'm sure he brings good news,
And I must be very quiet
While I'm waiting for the Muse.

Oh, his words are all so charming
I would not a whisper lose,
For I truly am in earnest
When I'm waiting on the Muse.

I would not dare neglect him,
Though all other friends I'd lose,

For my heart is all enraptured
When I'm waiting on my Muse.

For his wooing is so winning
That I could not him refuse,
And I wish I'd met him sooner,
Now I am wedded to the Muse.

ELECTION DAY.

And now this is election day,
I wonder whom 'twill be;
Some of us want the yellow gold,
And others silver free.

And as the voting still goes on,
I wonder whom 'twill be;
Some of us want the yellow gold,
And others silver free.

But when the ballots we do count,
We might as well agree;
For the majority must rule,
Be it gold or silver free.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

When first the Saviour of mankind
Came, two thousand years ago,
Some heard His call, "Come, follow me,"
And left their all to go.

Nor staff nor scrip nor wealth had they,
Nor where to lay their head,
But onward they their way pursued,
And followed where He led.

He promised them no earthly gain,
'Twas for the love of right;

They followed Christ, the Lowly One,
Who is the world's great Light.

They stayed by Him and listened well,
There was power in what He said;
He calmed the waves of Galilee,
And more, He raised the dead.

And still He is the same to-day
As two thousand years ago;
He's calling yet, "Come, follow me,"
Lord, help us hear and go.

THE VOICE WITHIN.

THIS voice within, this voice within,
That tells us of our sin,
Of good approves, the wrong condemns,—
It is the voice within.

This voice addresses every man
Since Eve's and Adam's sin,
It was the same which them condemned,—
The self-same voice within.

This is the spirit God gave man
When first He breathed on him,
And he became a living soul,—
This is the voice within.

If you will only heed this voice,
And turn your back on sin,

God will approve the deeds you do,—
This quiet voice within.

We're told to choose whom we will serve,
Death to insure or life to win;
Help us, then, Lord, with heart and soul
To heed this voice within.

TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER, CLARA HAMILTON.

I'd sing a song to Clara,
For she is true and sweet;
She always brings me gladness,
To cheer me when we meet.

For she is young and pretty,
A rose but in the bud;

Her witty ways are winning,
Her presence does me good.

And I just now was saying
Her like I ne'er have seen,
For in her every movement
She is graceful as a queen.

A REBUKE.

Now, as for me, I would love to see
Those gentlemen so fine,
Whom nothing seems to please so
As always slurring Bryan.

To show their wit, indeed, it's fit,
Why not their names assign,
That no other man may take the blame,
These slanderers of Bryan?

I think if I was in their place
I would not waste my time,
And show the world how little wit
I had in slurring Bryan.

He is a man, your brother man,
In whom no stain I find;
It is a shame, a mighty shame,
This always slurring Bryan.

OLD IRELAND IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-eight
Old Ireland's heart was stirred,
And the cry of freedom for native land
On every side was heard.

Then for liberty there were brothers three,
Whose hearts for country burned,
And they went one day, but from the fray
These brothers ne'er returned.

Their mother plead, "Don't go," she said,
But beseeching was in vain;
Unto her they said, "Don't be afraid,
'Tis a sore battle where all are slain."

They were our kin, Shaw was their name,
'Twas hard from their own to part;
For the love of liberty they gave their lives,
And they truly were freemen in heart.

COME TO JESUS.

And now, my dear Jesus,
To Thee I do come,
Who no one despiseth,
But welcomes all home.

Who treateth all kindly,
The friend of the weak,
And no word of harshness
To any one speaks,

But all to encourage
The sinner to come,
That Jesus might bless them,
And seal them for home.

To pardon the past
And renew them within,

To be kept by His spirit
And saved from their sin.

That life never ending
To them He might give,
And the blessed assurance
They forever shall live.

For this is the promise
God's Word doth proclaim,
For Christ died to save us,
We all are the same.

No matter what nation,
Or by what way we came,
God alone 'tis can save us,
There's no other name.

In His Word it is written
That whoever believes

Will not be rejected,
But his pardon receive.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

Now I will try and muse awhile,
And think how long it has been
Since first I tried to read my fate,
When I was but seventeen.

And many maidens young were there
That day upon the green,
All there to pull the yarrow fair
Upon that night to dream.

We placed it safe beneath our heads;
We were told that night we'd dream
Of the young man we were to wed,
When we were but seventeen.

How carefully we went up-stairs,
Nor dare we talk between,
We must not even say our prayers,
For we were going to dream.

I'll ne'er forget the guilt I felt,
To me how wrong it seemed
To want to know the future so,
I could not sleep nor dream.

And, lo! behold, a storm arose,
And lightnings flashed between;
I was sure Old Nick had come for me
When I was but seventeen.

My bedroom windows opened wide,
I threw the yarrow in the stream;
I then knelt down and said my prayers,
Nor did I want to dream.

BE WATCHING.

He is coming, yes, He's coming,
And we had better be prepared,
And see our lamps are burning,
To meet Him in the air.

For we are told in the Scriptures
To guard our souls with care,
And always be in readiness
To meet Him in the air.

Of the time there's no man knoweth,
But the signs everywhere
Tell us to be in readiness
To meet Him in the air.

Lest any time at His coming
We should be taken unaware,

We are told to be watching
For His coming in the air.

HE LEADETH ME.

I WOULD rather have what I possess
Than all the world beside;
You ask me what I prize so much,
'Tis God to be my guide.

O friends! do look to Him for help,
He will not you deceive,
For He will keep you all the way
Who on Him do believe.

Now let us give our hearts to Him,
To Him commit our ways,
And then we'll find that life's too short
To utter half His praise.

A BETTER TIME IS COMING.

A BETTER time is coming,
I hear its wheels humming,
There's a better time coming
  Right away, right away;
A better time is coming,
  Is coming right away.

When we all shall love our neighbors,
Justly pay them for their labors:
There's a better time coming,
  Right away, right away;
A better time is coming,
  Is coming right away.

When man to man as brothers
Shall do right each with the other:

There's a better time coming,
  Right away, right away;
Then a better time is coming,
  Is coming right away.

When wrongs have been adjusted,
And we're paid by those we trusted:
There's a better time coming,
  Right away, right away;
There's a better time coming,
  It's coming right away.

When we are well converted,
And sins have been deserted:
There's a better time coming,
  Right away, right away;
There's a better time coming,
  It's coming right away.

THE SPIRIT OF WRITING.

When will my friend return?
When will my friend return?
For him I sigh and wish him nigh,—
When will my friend return?

For I am sad and sorrowful,
For him my heart doth yearn;
I have no fear when he is near,—
When will my friend return?

This longing and this loneliness,
I sigh from night till morn,
And listen for his coming back,—
When will my friend return?

And, oh, the joy his presence brings,
It turns my night to morn;

And toil or care I feel no more
When my dear friend returns.

WILMINGTON, February 19, 1896.

This is my fifty-eighth birthday.

Now what the Lord would have me do
I am sure I cannot tell,
But I'm listening day by day
To hear Him on me call,

And where He leads I'd follow on.
His own sheep know His voice,
And He will safely guide them home,
Who have made Him their choice.

THE SUNSET ON THE SEA.

This world has God made beautiful,
And His works are dear to me,
But the scene that I love most of all
Is a sunset on the sea.

I love the landscape to survey,
Each shrub and flower and tree,
But the scene that I love most of all
Is a sunset on the sea.

I love the mountain side to climb,
And look o'er dale and lea,
But the scene that I love most of all
Is a sunset on the sea.

I love to stand and view the brook,
With its waters pure and free,

But the scene that I love most of all
Is a sunset on the sea.

I love to sit and watch the clouds,
For they are beautiful to me,
But the scene that I love most of all
Is a sunset on the sea.

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR SAVIOUR?

Oh, have you found your Saviour yet?
Have you been from sin set free?
Has your heart been filled with joy and peace?
Now tell it unto me, now tell it unto me,
Now tell it unto me,
Has your heart been filled with joy and peace?
Now tell it unto me.

This is the joy that pardon brings,
And we are longing now to see
This whole creation saved from sin;
Now tell it unto me, now tell it unto me,
Now tell it unto me,
Has your heart been filled with joy and peace?
Now tell it unto me.

Now have you found this peace
To the Christian does belong?
It is a blessed assurance,
And in thy heart a song;
Now tell it unto me, now tell it unto me,
Now tell it unto me,
Has your heart been filled with joy and peace?
Now tell it unto me.

GUIDED BY THE SPIRIT.

Let us be guided by the Spirit,
A present God be all we crave;
Better far than earth or kindred
Is this blessing to have.

Some day He will come, and never,
Never more His temple leave,
But abide with thee forever,—
You would not this Spirit grieve?

WHAT THE PEOPLE BELIEVED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I WOULD fain lose myself, and in fancy awhile
With the days of my childhood an hour beguile,
When all tales of the fairies I believed to be true,
O bright, golden days! when no better I knew.

On the long winter nights by the warm, glowing fire,
Each one told a tale, for that was required;
Be kind unto strangers, for oft in disguise
For these fairies to call in was no surprise,

And often to borrow; be sure that you lend,
For if you refuse them bad luck may attend;
If their good-will you have, you have nothing to fear,
Your efforts will prosper the whole of that year.

For of witches and fairies there were not a few,
And e'en the old people believed it was true;
You had better be friends, and have them on your side;
If you have their good-will, no harm can betide.

BE READY.

THE day is fast approaching me
When I must say good-by
To all I love on earth, and go
To mansions in the sky.

For Christ has left us to prepare,
He's coming by and by,
And safely He will us conduct
To glory in the sky.

I'm waiting for His coming now,
I feel the day is nigh

When ev'ry eye shall see Him shine
While coming in the sky.

O friends! I beg you be prepared,
And set your aims on high,
And have your wedding garments on
To meet Him in the sky.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

ANYWHERE with Jesus,
No matter where that be;
Anywhere with Jesus,
If He but leadeth me.

No matter on the mountain,
Or in the valley low,
Anywhere with Jesus
I would be glad to go.

And if it were to prison,
I am sure I would rejoice;
Anywhere with Jesus,
Since I have been His choice.

Anywhere with Jesus,
If He lives within the soul;
Anywhere with Jesus,
The half has ne'er been told.

And of His loving kindness
To all who will believe;
Anywhere with Jesus,
His favor to receive.

INSPIRATION.

O Thou Great Spirit! I implore
That Thou wilt come, my thoughts control,
For all within me soon vibrates
When Thy glorious presence fills my soul.

Once we have tasted the nectar sweet,
It gives us sight to behold,
And ears to hear, mind to detect,
When Thy glorious presence fills the soul.

Thy presence is a greater wealth
Than all the millions men control,
If we have nothing but our daily bread,
When Thy glorious presence fills the soul.

We envy not the grand and great,
But love God's works to behold,

Well satisfied with our humble state
When Thy glorious presence fills the soul.

MY HUSBAND.

The dearest companion of my heart,
Who wooed me when I was young,
Now God has called us to part,
And I am all alone.

And as I think and view the past,
And all that has been done,
The more I see life's vanity
When I am all alone.

Oh, who can tell the loneliness
But those who have one gone,
And how we long for sympathy
When we are left alone?

But, still, I have another friend,
It is God's only Son;
He has promised to abide with me,
And I am not alone.

MY MUSE.

Now if you think that I can write,
And do it when I choose,
It is not so, I'd have you know,
I owe it to the Muse.

Oh, what a boon it is to me
That I have such a friend,
And while he tells me what to say
I only use the pen!

And when I write and read again,
And think it is no good,

Just then my Muse suggests to me,
"You've put it as you should."

And then again I courage take,
He makes my heart so glad;
Could I but dwell beneath the spell
I never would be sad.

WHAT A CHANGE!

When Christ's Disciples first set out
They had neither staff nor scrip,
But now to-day it's "Will it pay?"
And the preacher's lost his grip.

And if he's told where there's more gold,
He's sure the Lord has called him,
And never asks if he's equipped
With what his Master told him.

"Give us the golden calf," they cry,
No matter how they get it,
Though God's commands be all forgot,
And His temples desecrated.

I'm afraid the Lord will send
Some great and sad disaster,
For this insincerity of men
To God, their Lord and Master.

AGAIN AND AGAIN.

What was man made for,
Or what is the end?
Is a question we're asking
Again and again.

For if here, and here only,
We serve and attain,

Why should we sorrow
Again and again?

We long for the knowledge
Of things not now plain,
And sigh for assurance
Again and again.

We must go to the Saviour,
And with Him remain,
For He gives us knowledge
Again and again.

SOCIETY.

It's of society I'd sing,
For it is all the fad;
I'd like to have a pedigree
If there's one to be had.

But I'm afraid I cannot find
Bright blue blood in my veins,
For I am of the common kind,
Who greatness ne'er attains.

But if I'm happy, what's the harm?
I will not vex my mind,
Though in to-day's society
A place I could not find.

Though I'm sure my life's been pure,
With neither flaw nor stain,
I would not be admitted with
No blue blood in my veins.

But as it is I am content,
Nor do I wish to change,
For I am of the common kind
That greatness ne'er attains.

WAITING.

WAITING, dear Lord, waiting,
I'm waiting now on Thee;
Thou hast promised to our strength renew,
Who humbly wait on Thee.

I'm waiting, waiting, waiting,
A blessing now from Thee;
Thy promise is, Thou wilt forgive
All those who wait on Thee.

Waiting, waiting, waiting,
Thou wilt not say me nay;
For those who ask, believing,
Shall not be turned away.

THE SPRINGTIME.

How beautiful the springtime,
My preference is for May;
That is when we wedded were,
And on the second day.

The seasons all have come and gone,
And time hath rolled away,
Until it now is forty years,
This second day of May.

I love now to recall the past,
Of hope and trust that day,
And love, that helped our burdens bear,
This second day of May.

TRUST GOD'S WORD.

THERE will be a time, when God sees fit,
That our sorrows will surcease,
For God will take us to Himself,
To dwell with Him in peace.

This blessed promise gives us strength
To fight against what's wrong,
That daily we are bound to meet
With spirits we are among.

And if at first we find we're weak,
The struggle won't be long,
For in His name there's no defeat;
Come, join me in my song.

And let us sing away all care,
To raise our hearts on high,

For to do right here we must fight,
And on God's word rely.

THE ECHO.

METHINKS I hear the echo
Come down the shores of time,—
"Well done, my faithful servant,
Thou art forever mine.

"And now I'd have you enter
Into this home sublime,
Which I have been preparing
Before we counted time.

"There you shall live forever,
Nor older grow with time;
There are no tears in Heaven,
For all things are divine.

"Here sin nor death can enter,
True happiness you'll find,
And with a present Saviour
That life will be sublime."

A CALL TO IDLERS.

Come, listen, a voice is now calling,—
"Go, work in my vineyard to-day;
The harvest is losing by waiting,
Go, work in my vineyard to-day.

"Oh, why are you standing here idle?
For now it is noon-time of day,
And that which is just I will pay you,
Go, work in my vineyard to-day.

"Of harvest there is a great plenty,
And laborers are few in the way;

I pray you, be up and be doing,
Go, work in my vineyard to-day."

And now it is drawing towards evening,
And, idling, you still are away,
But the Master to you is yet calling,—
"Go, work in my vineyard to-day."

WISDOM OR WEALTH.

Wisdom, 'tis more than wealth,
And a conscience that is clear,
Make one grand feast that never ends,
And is new from year to year.

And now I do this wisdom ask;
My dear Lord, give it me,
That I may keep Thy holy laws,
And only live to Thee.

I pray Thee in my heart abide,
For it is stayed on Thee;
In Thee I trust, to Thee I look,
There is no help in me.

Weak am I, but Thy grace is strong,
Thou lovest to forgive;
Now, give me faith to see Thee, Lord,
That I may love and live.

THE SEASONS.

When I look on these violets, so pure and so sweet,
And the green leaves that do them entwine,
It seems that a voice from within doth speak,
Saying, "The hand that made us is divine."

And when I turn o'er apple-blossoms I find,
With their beautiful pink, green, and red,

Then my heart is glad, for I know it is spring,
When all things shall rise from the dead.

And now it is summer, I know very well,
For daisies and clover are in bloom,
The birds are all singing, the bee on the wing,
And all nature rejoices 'tis June.

When I turn o'er the leaf, chrysanthemums I find,
Some call them the queens of the fall,
But I think when the trees put on their fall dress
They're the grandest, most glorious of all.

DEATH IS SURE FOR MAN.

'Tis many a year since on this earth
My voyage of life began,
But every day it seems more clear
That death is sure for man.

To have a name and rise to fame
Men work and strive and plan,
Strain every nerve the end to serve,
But death is sure for man.

Now what is life but care and strife
E'er since this world began?
And if their end they have attained,
Yet death is sure for man.

With pomp and state he thinks he's great,
But God still leads the van,

And what we are we did not make,
But death is sure for man.

Take Christ for king, no gods between,
'Tis our Creator's plan,
Do Him trust, be true and just,
But death is sure for man.

A NEW HEART.

I AM saved, I am saved, for Christ, my Redeemer,
Has taken my sins all away;
His Spirit within will not let me sin,
For a new heart He gave me to-day.

This is the religion in old time they had,
The kind we enjoy every day,
And makes us rejoice, no need to be sad,
For to Zion is a beautiful way.

Though narrow the road, and strait is the gate,
And crosses are oft in the way,
We will look right ahead, no need to be sad,
For the prize we are running to-day,—

For life everlasting, for life everlasting,
And a crown at the end of the way;
I am saved, I am saved, for Christ, my Redeemer,
A new heart has given me to-day.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

This life we live is a mystery,
So little do we know
The reason why we came here
And whither we shall go.

God's works are all mysterious,
We do not understand

The smallest blade of grass that grows
Or e'en a grain of sand.

How great the speculation
And theologies of man,
God works in ways mysterious
We cannot understand.

Oh, think! the best that we can do
Is to keep the Lord's commands,
Some day in His own blessed time
We will fully understand.

PRAYER AND EXPERIENCE.

Now, blessed Lord, I come to Thee,
To Thee my prayer ascends:
If wrong I've done
Help me to make amends.

For if we have been born of God,
His laws dwell in our breast,
And we will gladly do His will,
And leave with Him the rest.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And that His Spirit's truth,
He gave me grace to do His will,
And serve Him from my youth.

Now, blessed Lord, I come to Thee,
I know that I am Thine,

Because Thy Spirit reigns within,
Within this heart of mine.

THE GREAT DELIVERER.

Yes, Christ has promised to set free,
His call to us is "Come to me;
Ye that are burdened, come and rest;
Come to the Saviour and be blessed."

Although you can't yourselves forgive,
He will you pardon and relieve,
He every whit will make you whole,
And heal your sighing, sin-sick soul.

He'll set His seal upon your brow
And clothe you with a garment new,
His spirit will be in your breast,
Which is the Christian's only test.

THE PILGRIM.

The pilgrim of the long ago,
Convicted of his sin,
Left all he had, 'mid cries and tears,
Eternal life to win.

And so would we, if we could see,
And rightly understand,
The things that to our peace belong,
Make haste to reach that land.

All other things we'd count but dross,
And earthly treasures vain;
We'd glory only in the cross,
Eternal life to gain.

SOLITUDE.

WHERE on earth can he be found
But sometimes loves to be alone,
Just to take a view of self,
And count God's mercies shown?

Solitude for me hath charms
Above all earthly show,
To be alone with time to think,
That I myself may know.

When deathlike silence reigns around,
The solemn quiet which I love,
I ponder in my heart God's laws
And turn my thoughts above.

For I have given myself to God,
I have no cause to fear,

He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
And I must be sincere.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

Oh, I am so happy,
There's joy in my soul,
I have found a great Saviour,
Who maketh me whole.

He guides me and keeps me
In peace all the way,
His presence within me
Will not let me stray.

I know that He leads me,
My heart's filled with love
To God and my neighbor,—
This love's from above.

Now to Him be the glory;
It is my chief end
To serve God forever
And enjoy Him. Amen.

IRELAND.

I KNOW of a land, a far-away land,
To the eastward and over the sea;
'Tis the land of my forefathers, Erin by name,
And the mem'ry is dear unto me.

Oft I think of our home on the top of the hill,
'Twas so high that it looked o'er the sea;
My childhood and schooldays I often recall,
For the mem'ry is dear unto me.

There the woodbine and hawthorn together combine,
Their perfume to shed o'er the lea,

And daisies and shamrock each other entwine,
And the mem'ry is dear unto me.

I love often to think of that country so old,
That far-away land o'er the sea,
The land of the lark, the linnet, and thrush,
For the mem'ry is dear unto me.

To list to the magpie; if two there be nigh
Is said a good omen to be;
The cuckoo and wren together do blend,
And the mem'ry is dear unto me.

I would love once again to cross o'er the main,
That dear Emerald Island to see,
The primrose and cowslips and violets so sweet,
For the mem'ry is dear unto me.

OUR COUNTRY.

I WOULD fain write a letter in praise of our country,
And speak of her mountains, her valleys and dells,
But it must be traversed to thoroughly know
That no land is like it where any man dwells.

I would tell of its statesmen, their learning and knowledge,
And all of their virtues would highly applaud,
But that's not the voice I hear coming to me,
For a nation's true greatness is trusting in God.

A long while ago, when men's hearts had failed them,
And death was the price of an honest belief,
O'er the ocean God showed them this blessed asylum,
And oppressed and down-trodden came here for relief.

Now let us consider and carefully ponder
The sorrows our forefathers valiantly bore,
And all of the hardships for freedom of conscience
That we might have liberty forevermore.

In the trial of this hour, when perils seem near us,
God help us look to Him as never before,
And, remembering our past as a guide for the present,
Be right, true, and just before we make war.

THAT OLD SONG.

Come, let us now sit down, my man,
The time does not seem long
Since first we met and first we loved,
And you sang me that old song.

Although that now is forty years,
And things have oft gone wrong,

The worst that came could well be borne
When you sang me that old song.

But then our hearts were filled with love,
In faith we both were strong,
And heavy burdens seemed but light
When you sang me that old song.

So let us now sit down, my man,
The past with memory scan,
There's nothing now I would undo,
So sing me that old song.

The song that first you sang to me
When handsome, young, and strong,
And I myself but in my teens;
Now sing me that old song.

Oh, sing it o'er and o'er to me,
I've done the best I can,

And I have no regrets to give,
So sing me that old song.

WE CAN TRUST HIM TO-DAY.

WHERE is the brotherhood
Our Master did teach?
For unless we obey Him
It is useless to preach.

Now, professing and praying
Are nothing but cant,
By our works we are known,
It is work that we want.

With their sanctified airs
They'd their Master betray,
As deceitful as Judas,
They're the same to this day.

Away with such teachers,
Let us turn to the Lord,
He will have compassion
If we trust in His word.

His commandments, we know them,
With our hearts we'll obey,
And His spirit will lead us,
Come, hearken to-day.

For He will forgive us,
Our sins wash away;
He will never deceive us,
We can trust Him to-day.

COMPOSING RHYMES.

The greatest joy there is on earth
That I can ever find,
Is just to steal away alone
And write a little rhyme.

And at so very little cost
I think you should not mind;
But bear with me, I pray thee, now,
And let me write my rhyme.

Not for the riches of the earth,
Its jewels all combined,
Would I exchange the joy I have
While writing up my rhyme.

If I could only touch some heart
And give it joy like mine,

Then would my life not be in vain
In writing up my rhyme.

And, oh, what joy to me it brings,
To this my heart inclines,
And all my troubles I forget
While writing up my rhymes.

And now, my friend, you will, I hope,
Be patient with my lines,
When you shall know what joy I have
In writing up my rhymes.

THE OLD YEAR IS DYING.

Now the old year is dying,
Her sun will soon set;
We must bid her farewell,
Though it's with regret.

'Tis gone, 'tis gone, to never return,
As a tale that's been told;
It's to us a reminder
We are all growing old,

And the day of our destiny
Draws nigh to a close;
Now what's in the future
Our blessed Lord knows.

Oh, what meaneth this longing
The future to know?

If it's not of importance,
Why trouble us so?

TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER NANNIE.

I DEARLY love my Nannie,
She is modest, sweet, and shy;
How is it that I love her so?
I cannot tell you why.

Her face is fair, her form is fine,
And hazel is her eye;
And how it is I love her so
I cannot tell you why.

Her hair is brown, her mouth is sweet,
Her teeth they are like pearls;
Why should I not love her to meet
More than all other girls?

TO MY MARY.

Now my Mary dear has left me,
Yes, the one I love has gone,
And the time now seems so dreary
As I sit here all alone.

Now for a little pastime
I will try and write some lines,
And treasure up in memory
Some thoughts of other times.

For if on life's stage we scatter
Pure and good acts by the way,
There will be a time of reaping,
And they will return some day.

And now, my dearest Mary,
Let our watchword still be right,

And whatever our hand findeth,
Let us do with all our might.

TRUSTING.

O BLESSED Saviour! blessed Saviour!
Come Thou in and sup with me;
Leave me not till Thee in glory
Face to face I see.

Keep me holy, make me lowly,
All that Thou would have me be;
Leave me not till Thee in glory
Face to face I see.

I will trust Thee, ever trust Thee,
Still, my Lord, abide with me;
Leave me not till Thee in glory
Face to face I see.

TO ERIN.

O ERIN! dear Erin! in thought I recall thee,
In memory revisit thy sea-beaten shore,
For there I could tarry and never grow weary
In the land of O'Connell, of Emmet, and Moore.

The seagulls give warning the morning is dawning,
The larks with their carols high overhead soar,
And there I could tarry and never grow weary
In the land of O'Connell, of Emmet, and Moore.

The first two were statesmen, the world owned them great,
The third a sweet poet who left us his lore,
Yes, there I could tarry and never grow weary
In the land of O'Connell, of Emmet, and Moore.

Due honor be to them, for none may outdo them,
Their praises we'll sing them from shore unto shore,
And there I could tarry and never grow weary
In the land of O'Connell, of Emmet, and Moore.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Dear Lord, before Thee now I bow,
Thou who doth answer prayer,
And ask Thee to forgive the one,
Thou knowest whom and where.

Grace ample give him to resist
The great curse of to-day,
And draw his heart unto Thyself,
And teach him how to pray.

By faith and trust in God alone
Do we receive the power

And skill to bid the tempter flee,
When in temptation's hour.

For God alone, who knows our needs,
Our hearts can satisfy,
And fit us here on earth to dwell,
And live with Him on high.

Again I plead; Thou knowest, Lord,
It is an urgent prayer;
Oh, draw this one unto Thyself,
For none can perish there.

DEAR friend, if e'er you meet me
Please do not expect too much,
For I have never been to college,
And my learning's nature's touch.

Like all rhymers, I love justice,
We all do battle for what's right,
And our words are to be trusted,
For in our pens there's might.

I am sure I was born a rhymer,
Though but lately I came to know,
For I always was so busy
That I never had a show.

Could I but make people happy
I would never work again,

I would apply myself to study,
That I might my end attain.

Dear friend, you will excuse me,
Though my verses are so poor;
If they only bring you pleasure
I'll be happy, I am sure.

TO KATIE.

O KATIE! dearest Katie!
My dear, wilt thou be mine?
For in my heart I love thee,
Could I hope such bliss to find?

If all this world were mine
I would give it all for thee;
Now, my own, my dearest Katie,
I pray thee, think of me.

And now I pledge my honor,
And vow by all that's high,
I will never wed another,
And I will tell you why.

And now, my dearest Katie,
Within my heart a thought,
The worship that I gave thee
Will never be forgot.

For all I have and am, my dear,
I'd give it all for thee;
My own, my dearest Katie,
I pray thee think of me.

TO WORK.

We all have a work and we must not shirk,
For God, He is calling to-day;
The harvest is here, there's nothing to fear,
Come, let us serve the Lord to-day.

To the work! to the work! there are souls to be saved,
For God, He is calling to-day,
And hearts that are sad our God will make glad,
Come, let us serve the Lord to-day.

For He will fulfil if we do His will,
For God, He is calling to-day,
We will do what's right with all our might,
Come, let us serve the Lord to-day.

Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be like snow,
For God, He is calling to-day,
And though they're like crimson they shall be like wool,
Come, let us serve the Lord to-day.

All that hath an ear now let them hear,
For God, He is calling to-day,
And our hearts we will bring to Christ, our King,
Come, let us serve the Lord to day.

BLEST BE THE THOUGHT.

Blest be the thought, the Saviour comes,
We'll meet Him in the air,
And be forever with the Lord;
There'll be no parting there,
Nor sin nor sorrow, pain nor care,
There'll be no parting there.

With sin and death and hell destroyed,
We'll in that land abide,
And be forever with the Lord;
There'll be no parting there,
Nor sin nor sorrow, pain nor care,
There'll be no parting there.

And there will be a happy band,
Redeemed from pain and care,
To be forever with the Lord;
There'll be no parting there;
Blest be the thought, the Saviour comes,
And no parting shall be there.

ONE THAT I LOVED BEST.

To him with whom I in youth joined hands,
This voyage of life to test,
And with the view to still be true,
To the one that I loved best.

Now cold the clay and still the form
Of him I've oft caressed,
And slumbering in the silent tomb
The one that I loved best.

I hope to him God is merciful,
And that he's with the blest;
He is my thought both night and morn,
The one that I loved best.

Now soon my pilgrimage will end,
The life beyond to test,

I hope to meet all those I love,
And him that I loved best.

HE CONSTRAINETH ME.

Oh, could I now and with my pen
Write all that God has done for men,
And as He meant it to be taught,
To fill each heart with honest thought.

This longing that I have within,
To see all others saved from sin,
I cannot, would not, from it flee,
For it is God constraineth me.

And now, O God! I pray this hour
That we might feel Thy saving power,
And then with joy to others tell
Of Him who doeth all things well.

A NEW NAME.

And unto my Saviour
I would now draw nigh,
For He has forgiven me,
And for me did die.

But now He is risen,
And made me His choice,
For He has redeemed me,
And I do rejoice.

My joy no man taketh,
For it is my own,
My name, it is written
Upon the white stone.

And now to my friends
And my neighbors I call,

To come to the Saviour,
He will save you all.

MY THOUGHTS GO BACK.

My thoughts go back to long ago,
My Saviour first discovered,
And I felt the joys of pardoned sin,
Forget it will I never.

And oh, what seasons I have seen,
There's nought from me can sever,
For joy and love are all my theme,
Forget it will I never.

I love the place I found His grace,
And was from sin delivered,
All glory be unto His name,
Forget it will I never.

And when my work down here is done,
All earthly ties to sever,
I'd still look back to that dear spot,
Forget it will I never.

I WOULD RATHER.

Of all the things that's on this earth
Or in the world unknown,
Or all that is beneath the sun,
I would rather write a poem.

If I can only pen some lines
To me before unknown,
To others might bring happiness,
I would rather write a poem.

And if I could but get a glimpse
Into the world unknown,

And see how great the glory is,
I would rather write a poem.

And all that is beneath the sun
Or under heaven's bright dome,
And lay it underneath my feet,
I would rather write a poem.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY WALK.

For every day we must obey,
And do with all our might
That which we know will please the Lord,
And all things will be right.

His laws to keep, His presence seek,
Love Him with all your heart,
With soul and mind, we then shall find,
Our God will do His part.

For those that ask, they do receive,
And they who seek shall find;
To him who knocks God openeth,
And satisfies his mind.

Now let us gird our armor on,
And do with all our might
The things we know will please the Lord,
And all things will be right.

FEAR AND LOVE.

THE fear of God within a soul
Shows wisdom is begun,
But perfect love that casts out fear
Shows grace has surely come.

I love to be alone with God,
I love just to be still,

And feel His presence in my soul,
I love to do His will.

His will is I should tell to you
What He has done for me;
If you'll repent and come to Him
He'll do the same for thee?

For Christ has promised to redeem
And cleanse us from all sin;
His Spirit sanctifies our hearts
And keeps us pure within.

I KNOW.

For I know I am the Lord's,
Whatever may befall,
And I will glorify His name
And crown Him Lord of all.

My soul He safely keeps,
Nor will He let me fall,
For I will trust His mightiness
And crown Him Lord of all.

And He is always to be found,
And listens to our call;
With joy we bow before His shrine
And crown Him Lord of all.

Lord, help us, then, to come,
And prove Thy love to all,

And have a taste of Heaven below,
And crown Thee Lord of all.

INTROSPECTION.

THE Lord has work for me to do,
And I am in His hands,
And gladly then will I obey
Whatever He commands.

If we would spend one-half the time
In waiting on the Lord
We do in getting earthly gain
It would more peace afford.

There is a peace within the hearts
Of them that Christ has saved,
The assurance is eternal life
That unto us He gave.

There is a spirit comes to all
The moment we believe,
Now let us look within and see
If we have Him received.

A DREAM OF LONG AGO.

When first my God's call came to me
In a dream so long ago,
My Saviour on the cross I saw,
Which filled my heart with woe.

And as I viewed that Holy One,
There nailed upon the tree,
What agony did fill my soul
To think He died for me.

And as I looked and looked again
Upon the wounds He bore,

His pierced hands and bleeding side,
I wept and sighed the more.

And now, alas! I am undone,
The Prince of Peace has died,
The Giver of eternal life
His foes have crucified.

Now deep within my very soul
There's nought but deepest gloom,
For they have taken Him away
And sealed Him in the tomb.

But farther on I saw my Lord,
My pardon did receive,
And now it is a risen Christ
In whom I do believe.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

I WILL take down my harp
And tune a new lyre,
It's music, sweet music,
My heart does inspire;
Come, listen, come, listen,
Come, list to the strains,
It's music, sweet music,—
Victoria still reigns.

Hark! hark! what comes over the sea?
Hear! hear! 'tis the great Jubilee;
It's music, sweet music,
That resounds o'er the lea;
Come, listen, come, listen,
Come, list to the strains,
It's music, sweet music,—
Victoria still reigns.

And the past we'll forget,
  At least for to-day ;
It's music, sweet music,
  For it seems to say,
Come, listen, come, listen,
  Come, list to the strains,
It's music, sweet music,—
  Victoria still reigns.

Her reign has been blessed,
  Filled with mercy and love ;
It's music, sweet music,
  That's born from above ;
Come, listen, come, listen,
  Come, list to the strains,
It's music, sweet music,—
  Victoria still reigns.

THE BRANDYWINE.

Dear friend, some day I pray you may
Just take sufficient time
To stroll along our lovely stream,
The far-famed Brandywine.

There crystal waters o'er the rocks
Their music sweet combines,
And sunbeams play amid the spray
Along the Brandywine.

There trees you'll find of many kinds,
Bright blooms and trailing vines,
The little birds here choose their mates
Beside the Brandywine.

And youthful lovers there have strolled
Since days of Auld Lang Syne,

And many a tale of love's been told
Along the Brandywine.

I've heard it said, I've heard it sung,
Since memory first was mine,
How lovers met to pledge their troth
Beside the Brandywine.

And how the moon would them reveal,
As through the trees she'd shine,
Same as to say, "I'm here, you see,
To guard the Brandywine."

I wish my mind I could express
In some impressive line,
And tell of all the loveliness
And charms of Brandywine.

KEEP ME EVER.

BLESSED Jesus! blessed Jesus!
May I feel Thy presence nigh,
May I ne'er do aught to grieve Thee
Till I meet Thee by and by.

Keep me ever by Thy power,
Let me never go astray,
Lead me by Thy presence ever
In the straight and narrow way.

Draw my heart that I may love Thee,
Help me to keep Thy laws to-day;
I'm all weakness, Thou art mighty,
In Thy grace I trust and pray.

Lest temptation e'er o'ertake me
I must have Jesus all the way,

With His spirit in my bosom
I can never, never stray.

Blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!
Now I feel Thy power within,
For I know that Jesus keeps me,
And He saves me from my sins.

Oh, this glory within my bosom
None but God's children ever knew;
My friends, I beg you come unto Him,
He is waiting now to give it you.

WHEN THE SPIRIT COMES.

I AM waiting, I am waiting
For the coming of my Lord,
Still leaning on His promises,
Confiding in His word.

Methinks I was there long ago
And saw the Lord ascend,
And heard the words, "He'll come again,"
On this my hopes depend.

He promised us a Comforter
Who would to us reveal,
And teach us all we ought to know,
And nothing good conceal.

And when this blessed Spirit comes
Within us to abide,

We know, we know that all is well,
Whatever may betide.

THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

While in this pleasant world of ours,
If we are free from sin,
We want no other paradise,
For Christ abides within.

What blessings come to us who know
Our sins are all forgiven!
The spirit saying in our hearts
That we are bound for Heaven.

While trav'ling through this world of ours
There's many a changing scene,
Our lives made up of good and ill,
With all the joys between.

Remember, now, that you must reap,
In sowing, then, beware,
And think about the harvesting,
And sow the seed with care.

NOT A SHAM.

This life is not a sham,
This life is not a sham;
We are left here on trial, friends,
This life is not a sham.

We must our burdens bear,
And do the best we can;
This world is not a pleasure-ground,
This life is not a sham.

Come, let us climb life's hill,
Be cheerful as we can,

Be true in all we think and do,
This life is not a sham.

Be honest, kind, and just,
Do right by every man;
This life is what we make it, friends,
This life is not a sham.

A THOUGHT.

The summer is gone, and cold winds are nigh,
And flower and leaf must decay;
Winter's bleak, icy breath on its mission of death,
To the grave it will bear them away.

The wind, it is sweeping, the clouds, they are weeping,
And the landscape no longer is gay;
Our hearts, they are sad, many hopes, they are dead,
To the grave all are hastening away.

It all makes us think we stand on the brink,
And all things but live out their day;
We are just like the flowers, and few are our hours,
To the grave we are hastening away.

A MEDITATION.

Since I am His, and He is mine,
What shall I want besides?
Nothing but good can ever come
To them whom God doth guide.

He guideth me, He keepeth me,
He lives within my soul;
And oh, what happiness I have,
Since Christ hath made me whole.

Then, friends, why don't you come to Him?
He's waiting to forgive,

And give you joy and rest and peace,
  And make you fit to live.

So let us now take up our cross
  And do our very best,
Be honest, earnest, and sincere,
  And God will do the rest.

His laws He puts within our hearts
  And writes them in our minds,
And He will be to us a God,
  And we will be His friends.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Away, away in that far-off land,
A story to us has been told
Of one little lamb who wandered away,
Who wandered away from the fold.

One hundred in number we are told were there,
But the Good Shepherd found one had gone;
That one little lamb had wandered away,
Had wandered away from its home.

Then over the mountains so bleak and bare,
Through the darkness, the wet, and the cold,
He went to the aid of that one little lamb
And brought it safe back to the fold.

This very same Shepherd would make you His care,
And He's waiting for you, we are told,

His ears ever listen to answer your prayer,
And to welcome you back to the fold.

TRUE LOVE.

For slavery there's not any
That to it can compare,
Like those who pledge to honor,
Unless the heart is there;
If once I had loved truly,
Although my love was vain,
I would rather still remember
Than e'er to love again.

Many, many are the sorrows
Some hearts have here to bear,
Who promised to cherish
When true love was not there;

If once I had loved truly,
Although my love was vain,
I would rather still remember
Than e'er to love again.

For men, their minds oft vary,
And of loves have a train,
But woman, the true woman,
She seldom loves again;
If once I had loved truly,
Although my love was vain,
I would rather still remember
Than e'er to love again.

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